



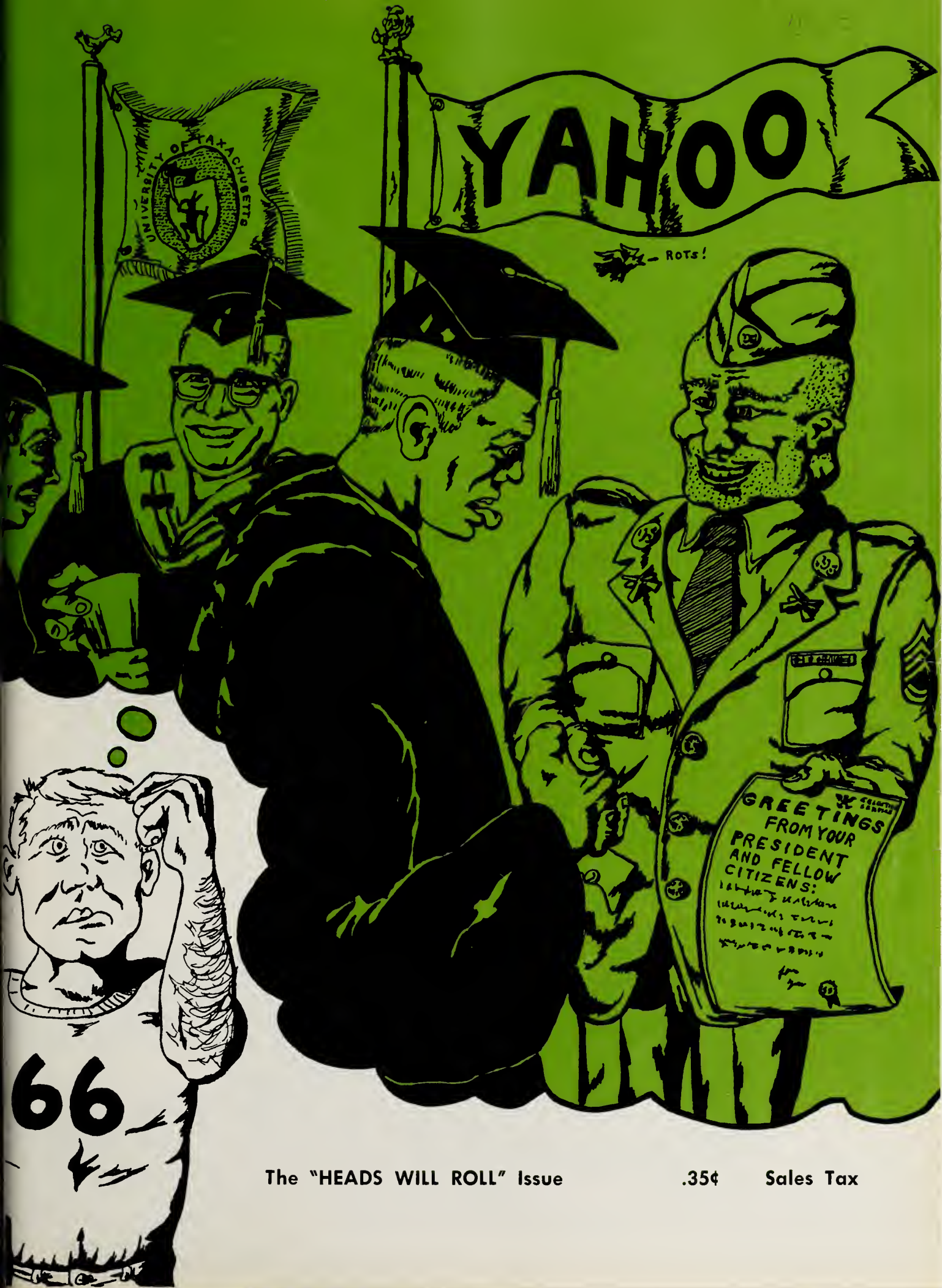
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The "HEADS WILL ROLL" Issue

.35¢

Sales Tax



Maybe you'll never race it...but you'll be tempted

Of course you'll be tempted! After all, the Austin Healey Sprite is bred to be used sportingly and competitively. It is a bona fide sports car. The official SCCA rating: Class H or Class G, depending on the year.

Of course you'll be tempted! (But even if you never race, the power you may someday need is there.) The competition-proved Austin Healey engine turns up speeds in excess of 90 mph. There are twin carbs and 4-speed shift. Sprite can sprint...and keep on going!

Of course you'll be tempted! (But even if you never race, the roadability you will surely enjoy is

there.) The steering is never spongy or indefinite; and the redesigned rear suspension encourages impeccable manners. Sprite is as sure-footed through the corners as any other runners.

Of course you'll be tempted! (But even if you never race, the control you must always have is there.) There are big disc brakes up front and 7" drums in the rear. Sprite's stopping power is commensurate with its performance.

Of course you'll be tempted...tempted to prove that *your* Sprite can do as handsomely as it looks. We have wrapped everything in the

smoothest possible envelope—modern, Spartan and rather lovely.

All this and roll-up windows.

All this and 30 plus m.p.g.

All this for under \$2,000.*

Temptation rears its lovely head—at your Austin Healey dealer. Give in gracefully.

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HEALEY

SPRITE

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DEPT. C.M., 734 GRAND AVENUE, RIDGEFIELD, NEW JERSEY
*STATE TAXES AND OTHER LOCAL CHARGES EXTRA.



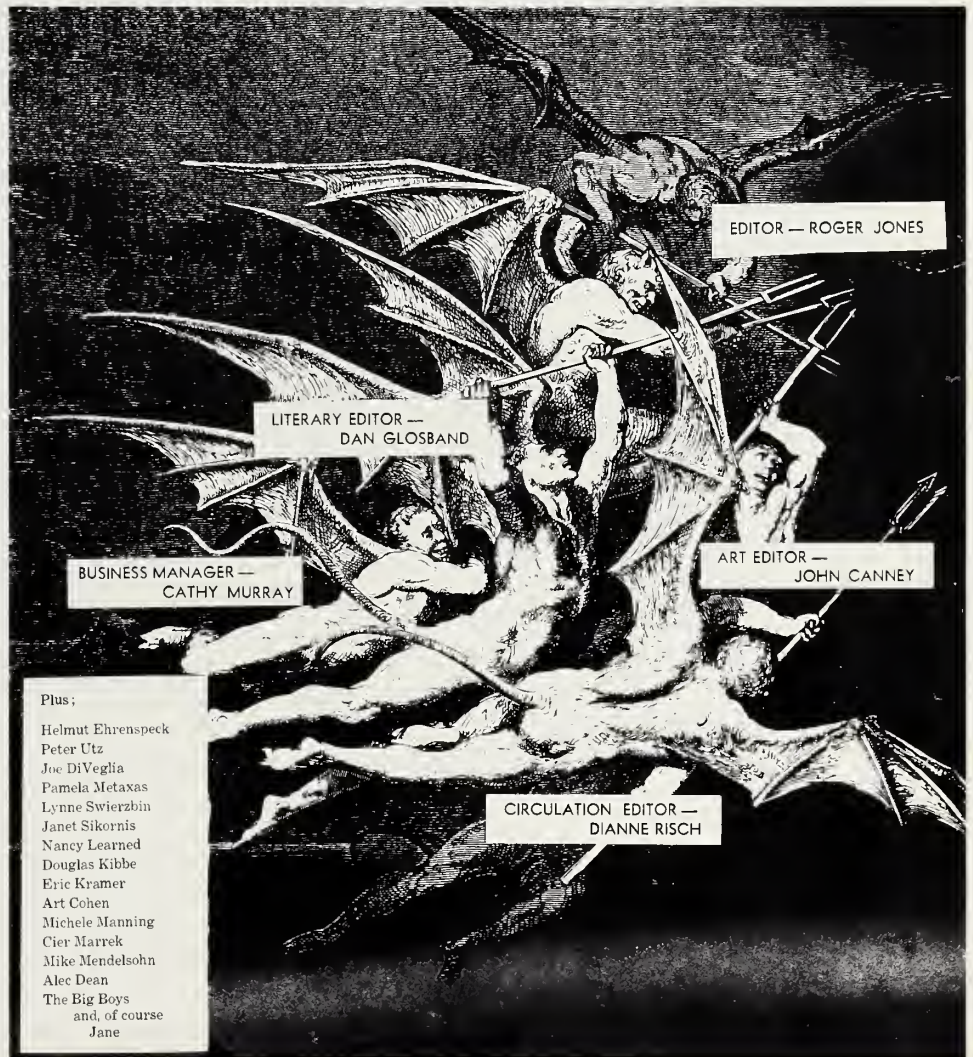
The University of Massachusetts

Yahoo



"Geese are ferocious by nature . . ."

Worcester Fats



Plus;

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Lynne Swierzbis
Janet Sikornis
Nancy Learned
Douglas Kibbe
Eric Kramer
Art Cohen
Michele Manning
Cier Marrek
Mike Mendelsohn
Alec Dean
The Big Boys
and, of course
Jane

VOL. 12
NO. 3
COMMENCEMENT
ISSUE

This noble experiment in journalistic enterprise entered as third class matter in the Post Office in Amherst Massachusetts, a capitalist enterprise. The Yahoo is the humor magazine of the University, another capitalist enterprise. It makes its grand appearance three humble times a year, a figure quoted to us by the Student Senate, another capitalist enterprise. Subscriptions are \$1.00 a year, which shows definite capitalist leanings and may be obtained by writing Yahoo, RSO 106, Student Union, UMass., Amherst, Mass., but you would have known this had you read the subscription ad elsewhere in the magazine. Material can be bagged by any bona fide college mag, but credit better be given, lest retaliation follow. ©1966, Yahoo Editors

HYSSTERIA

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This would be a permanent position.
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mobile and be able to start at once.
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This position would pay not less than
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MECHANICS

Cote Ford, 820 Cummins Highway,
Mattapan Sq, Boston needs 2 line flat
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TAX MANAGER

Local "Blue Chip" Co. seeks tax
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Commencement Schedule of the University of Massachusetts 1966

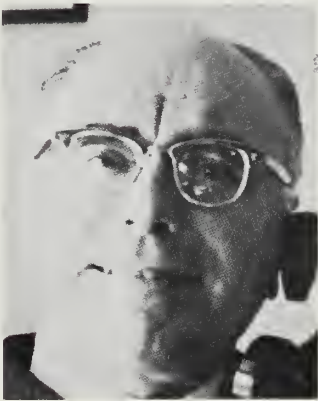
- May 23 — 7:30 Assassination of President Lederle and the Board of Trustees by the University Reform Committee in the Colonial Lounge. Refreshments will be served.
- May 23 — 8:00 Dissemination of birth control information by the Dean of Women's Office in preparation for the Fall semester at the Lobby Counter, Student Union.
- May 23 — 10:00 Gary Bombardier commits suicide in the Yahoo office, after realizing that his four year struggle was in vain. Coffee and doughnuts afterwards.
- May 24 — 9:30 Dean Barnard closes down allegedly dry fraternities after discovering why the fraters had started building model airplanes.
- May 24 — 3:00 Announcement that sight of new Medical School has been changed to Kalamazoo, Michigan.
- May 24 — 5:30 Assassination of University Reform Committee by the new President of the University, an IBM 56B-100 Computer.
- May 25 — 7:30 Batman.
- May 25 — 8:00 Meeting of Parachute Club in Nantucket Room. The president of club will explain ups and downs.
- May 25 — 10:30 Grassing Team scheduled to meet Smith College will postpone due to discovery that University has no grass.
- May 26 — 8:00 Oral Final Exams begin.
- May 26 — 10:20 Anal Final Exams begin.
- May 27 — 3:00 Movie—Student Union. Original uncut, unpurgated version of "Sound of Music" with English subtitles.
- May 27 — 8:00 Panicking Senior ROTC Majors flee University as it is revealed that war in Viet Nam has taken turn for the worst.
- May 27 — 9:00 Concert at Cage features Rusty Warren, Pearl Williams and the Hot Nuts. Concert Association disclaims any responsibility.
- May 28 — Senior Week—Entire Senior class arrested by State Police at the Rifle Range. Underclassmen after hearing of big doings at Rifle Range mistake activity for long awaited Spring Day and don't return to University for three days.

May 29 — 8:30 New Board of Trustees ordered arrested by Attorney General Brooke after it is revealed that the three thousand telephones for new Tower Dormitories would be used in a massive bookmaking enterprise.

June 3 — Commencement — George Lincoln Rockwell will be guest speaker and will be conferred with an honorary doctorate much to dismay of President who thought that guest would be *Norman Rockwell*. Alumni leave in disgust. Seniors leave in busses to Fort Dix, New Jersey, as the government doesn't waste any time.

Announcement made that University will be closed and torn down under urban renewal program. Land will be used for the new shopping center on Route Nine; buildings such as the Union will become a Howard Johnson's and Machmer will become a warehouse for Zayres. Thus ends a glorious experiment in higher learning.

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"I wouldn't be
without one..."



"My favorite"

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JUST ASK THESE FAMOUS
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THEY'LL TELL YOU

- ☐ YES, THOSE FAMOUS EDUCATORS HAVE FOXED ME INTO
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A YAHOO FEATURE

IN OUR MANY YEARS HERE, THE ONE LEGEND THAT SEEMS TO REIGN IN THE MINDS OF THE MANY IS THAT OF THE "WET CAMPUS" AND ITS EQUALLY LEGENDARY COUNTERPART, THE SPRING DAY OF OLD. SO, HERE THEY ARE: THE YELLOWED AND TEAR-STAINED PHOTOS FROM OUT OF THE PAGES OF YESTERYEAR . . .

SPRING DAY 1957



Pictures—
Courtesy
the INDX
1957



The Student Union and the Pond . . . yup!

THE BEER-A-THON
1957



North Pleasant
Street
How 'bout that?



. . . Until the last man was down . . .

THE LOVE SONG OF J. ALFRED PRUFROCK

The time is 1906. T. S. Eliot is eighteen and a student at Harvard. He has to write a poem for English 53, but his roommate, Michael Angelo, an Italian boy of reputation at the university (all the girls talk about him), wants T. S. to forget the English paper and go surfing at the beach. But Eliot says he has cut one too many classes and this paper is the only thing between him and an F. Michael is a real pal and stays to help T. S. write the poem, knowing Eliot has little literary talent.

Professor N. Tellektual, who teaches English 53, is one of those souls who analyzes poems until the pages bleed under his probing gaze. Knowing this, Michael tells T. S. he must make the poem deep so the prof will think it is a creative work.

"But," moans T. S., "I can't write a deep poem. The prof will see right through it."

"Sure you can, it's easy. I do it all the time," Mike assures him. "You use some images here and there, ask a question or two, be repetitious, sometimes incoherent, and he'll think you're another Ezra Pound."

"Oh no!" T. S. gasps, "I could never measure up to him. He's my idol!" But Eliot decides to try. "What will it be about, Mike?"

"How do you feel right now?" demands Mike.

"Well, after lacrosse, about sixty-five."

"All right," says Mike, "you're an old man, see, and you're going to talk about life, your life. Now you've got to make it sound real professional. Let me start it for you. Let us go then, you and I . . ."

"Wait a minute," interrupts T. S.

"What's the matter?"

"Who's the you?" T. S. asks.

"Who's the you? What kind of a question is that?" demands Mike impatiently.

"I don't know, it just came to me. Who is it?"

"T. S., baby, don't you see? The you really isn't anybody in particular. We let Professor N. Tellektual figure it out for himself. It's this sort of thing that makes a poem great! Now let me continue. When the evening is spread out against the sky like, like . . ."

(continued)



Pelican



"Okay, Joe, you're the Secret Service man and I'm Luci Baines. My date tries to french me. Now what do you do?"

"Like what?"

"Hold it, I'm getting an image!"

"How about, like a patient etherized upon a table?" suggests T. S.

"That's too obvious. Can't you think of anything deeper? Oh, never mind, it'll do," Mike finally agrees.

"I don't think I'll ever get the hang of this, Mike," moans Eliot.

"Well, let me do a few more lines and then you try."

At this point, Michael Angelo gets a phone call and leaves the room. T. S. nervously picks up the pen, still warm from Michael's creative fingers, and decides to write his own masterpiece. He quickly writes, "In the room the women come and go/Talking of Michael Angelo." T. S. changes it to Michaelangelo so the prof can do some more guessing.

"An image, I need an image," says T. S. Mike always says to look around you. The weather?

It's getting foggy. Hmmm. Fog. That seems familiar. Who? Oh, I remember. That little guy they say used to walk around here mumbling stuff about fog and little cat's feet. There's my image! No one will ever guess I got it from him."

T. S. now assuming a more confident air, scribbles down a number of lines, quite pleased with the poem unfolding before his eyes.

Mike re-enters the room and peering over T. S.'s shoulder, sees a line which reads, "Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons/I have measured out my life with coffee spoons." "How trite," frowns Mike, but he only gets a disgusted look from T. S. who proceeds with the poem. "Now you need something confusing in there," counsels Mike.

As if inspired, T. S. scratches down a few lines about, "braceleted, white and bare," and, "perfume from a dress." "Are

they vague enough?" asks T. S. worriedly.

"Definitely. The prof will ponder over what you mean by that one for at least two periods," assures Mike.

The poem grows as the ink flows from Eliot's pen.

"If I were you, I'd end it soon," advises Mike, still longingly thinking of all the surfing they could have done.

"Just a little while longer; I'm nearly finished. I just threw in a bit of Shakespeare. It gives it class, don't you think?"

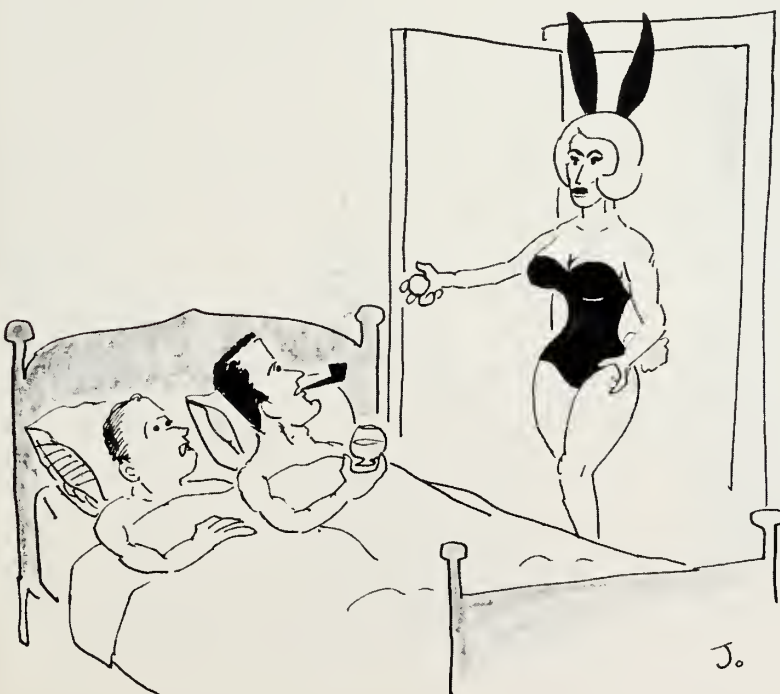
Impatiently, Mike Angelo says, "Come on, T. S., I hear the mermaids singing. Let's get to the beach.

"All right, I'll just stick that mermaids bit in. At this point I don't care, and besides it'll be interesting to see what the prof makes out of that one."

Another minute and T. S. is through. Since the fog is lifting he and Mike head for the beach.

—LYNNE SWIERZBIN

"MR. HEFNER!"



They dragged the student down to jail and took him before the sergeant.

"What am I here for?" he asked.

"For drinking," the officer sternly replied.

"Good, when do we start."

* * *

A hotel guest complained over the phone, "I've got a leak in the bathtub."

"Go ahead, the last tenant always did."

* * *

Are you sure this motel is University approved?

Little Miriam came home from kindergarten one day, and discovered her white-haired grandmother sitting in her rocking chair and knitting a very tiny sweater.

"What ith you making, Grandmommy?" asked little Miriam.

"A little something to keep you warm this winter, heart-string," Grandmother answered tenderly.

The next day when little Miriam came home, she again found Grandmother sitting in her rocking chair and knitting on the same tiny sweater. "What ith you making, Grandmommy?" asked little Miriam again.

"A little something to keep you warm this winter, heart-string," Grandmother repeated sweetly.

This same routine continued every day for several weeks, until finally one afternoon, the snow began to fall. When little Miriam came in, she went directly to her grandmother and said, "Deawest Grandmommy, the snow ith falling. When ith you going to finish my wittle sweater?"

"Damn, you're an impatient brat," said Grandmother, and poked out little Miriam's eye with a knitting needle.

* * *



Aspirin tablets have recently been approved as a contraceptive device.

She merely holds one between her knees.

* * *



The waitress was wondering why the elderly man was eating while his wife merely stared out the window.

"Aren't you hungry?" she asked the lady.

"Sure am," the lady replied. "I'm just waiting till Pa gets through with the teeth."

* * *

Mrs. DeGaulle and her French poodle were shopping one day when she noticed the man standing next to her was looking fearfully about his legs.

"My, my," she said, "don't be afraid of Napoleon. He won't bite you."

"I wasn't afraid he'd bite," replied the man, "but I noticed him lifting his leg and I thought he was going to kick me."

* * *



A girl doesn't mind losing her heart to a man, but she hates to have him start looking for it.

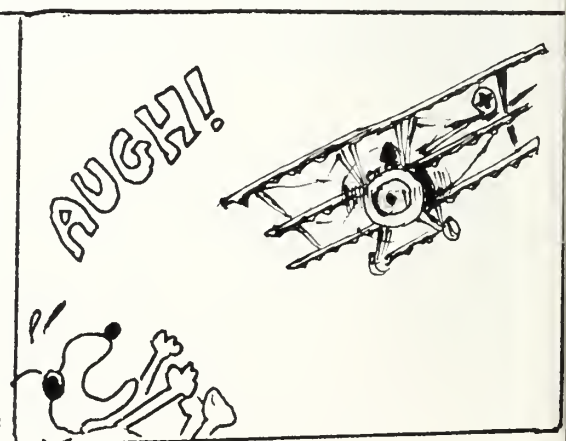
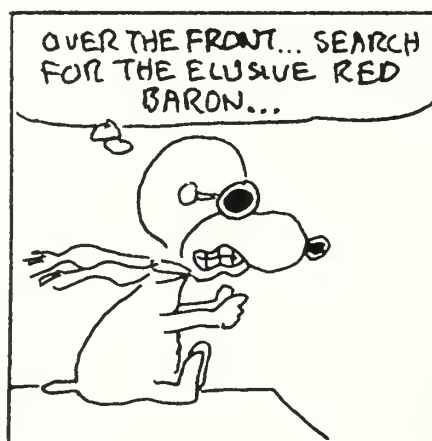
* * *

Husband and wife out fishing. Wife: Oh look, oh look, I've got a bite! Now what do I do?

Husband: Stupid, reel it in! Wife: But I have. It's tight against the pole. What do I do?

Husband: Shinny up the pole and strangle it.

* * *



YAHOO ROAD TEST:

1966 PETER PAN

By Steve Wompa and Leadfoot "Charlie" Smith



We were really excited when we got behind the wheel of this big baby. We were even more excited when we got out of the damned thing.

The first thing you notice about the '66 Peter Pan is the rubber. Four white walled tires, one at each corner. Peter Pan tells us that the tires are actually *all* white and the tread is painted *black*, giving, they tell us, 30 or 50 more miles between paint jobs.

What the outside doesn't have, the inside makes up for. Vinyl seats. Great on a hot day. No tucks and rolled naugahyde on this baby. And travel sickness bags on the back of each seat, a feature no other American car has. And with all this car safety business? Sure.

Walking up the spacious rubber mat, we find ace driver Arty "Fireball" Thunderball behind the wheel going through the gears.

"They fell out of the tranny," said Arty, "onto the street. Going through 'em to see where they go..."

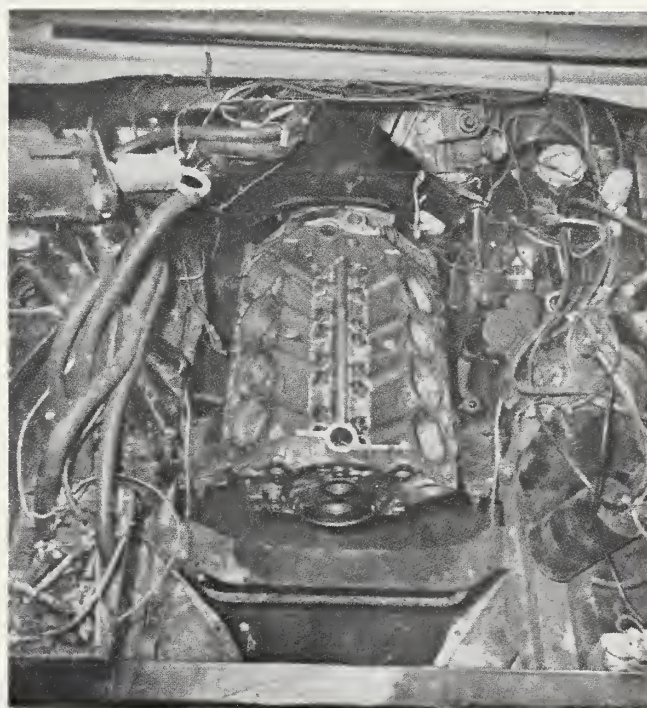
We got behind the big wheel, took a good feel of the suicide knob and looked out the huge expanse of crystal clear windshield.

"That fell out, too," said Arty, "That's why it's so clear."

The dash was simple and uncluttered, a relief to the sea of dials we gotta look at. The brake light and the water gauge we found to be sufficient.



Above: '66 Peter Pan shown leaving Student Union . . . 1 P.M. on Mondays, Wednesdays, 2:30 P.M. on Thursdays. Test driver says of new model, "It steers like a bus. . . ."



Above: Pan engine. Options include GM Blower, hemi-heads, dual carbs, tuned exhausts and chrome dipstick. Above — engine stripped by angry Umies.

Below: Ace Peter Pan driver, Enzo Ferocious, goes through gears.



LIST PRICE: \$35,000.95 plus sales tax
 BORE, STROKE: DRIVER IS A BIG BORE
 TOP SPEED: 40 MPH
 FRAME: GILBERTERECTOR
 BODY: ALBERGHINI AND ALCOA WRAP
 Compression Ratio: 1:47
 Differential Ratio: 1:196
 Transistor Ratio: \$14.95
 Acceleration: 0-60. 2 minutes and 34 seconds
 Braking: 2 minutes and 34 seconds
 Wheelbase: in: 47,000
 Fuel Consumption g.p.m.: approx. 24
 Fuel Leakage g.p.m.: approx. 24
 Suspension: Probationary
 Brake type: Randy Boat Shoes
 Headroom: More than one person in the head is unlawful and mainly disgusting
 CURB WEIGHT +
 CARBURETION: NONE
 SINCROMESH: NONE
 *GALLONS PER MILE: ?
 + WHEN WE TRIED TO LIFT THE CURB IN FRONT OF THE UNION AND WEIGH IT WE WERE CHASED AWAY BY THE CAMPUS POLICE AND THE ART EDITOR WAS WOUNDED IN THE PROCESS.

Grabbing the big shift lever, fitting the eight-ball in our hand (*our hand?*), we banged into first gear, banging our knuckles into the water gauge.

"The water gauge just fell out," said Arty.

Banging into second gear, we banged into Arty's groin.

"Arty just fell out," said Charlie, but by this time we were cruising along at 30.

After grabbing one of the sickness bags, we looked up with bleary eyes to the approaching end of the quarter mile. We still had a ways to go, but we were confident we could make it.

After reaching the end of the strip, we decided to look at the mill. It was a big 300 cubic inch Packard six that cranked out 47 big horses. Because of the limited space for an engine in a bus, this one having it under the fourth seat behind the driver, frills and fancy stuff is cut out.

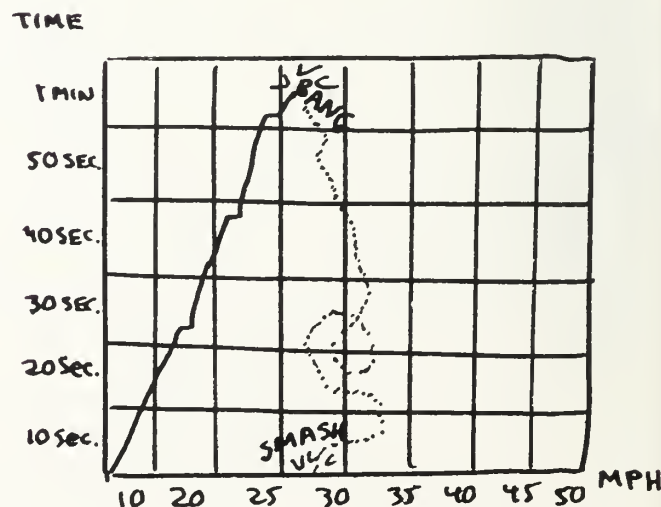
No fuel lines, carbs, or anything, the spark plugs are in the gas tank. The cooling system has no radiator. Instead, the passenger in the fourth seat behind the driver merely opens the window when the heat is too much. The crank shaft runs the length of the floor to the differential and accounts for the slope in the floor. We'll indeed, in due time, hear of this economical engine.

More about the transmission later, after Arty figures out which gear goes where.

Brakes? You bet. The driver merely goes into a slide, thus increasing wind resistance as the Pan goes sideways. "Economy, and a little entertainment on those long boring rides," they told us.

— end —

ACCELERATION





COMMENCEMENT ISSUE — 1966

. . . in search of that cherished maturity . . .

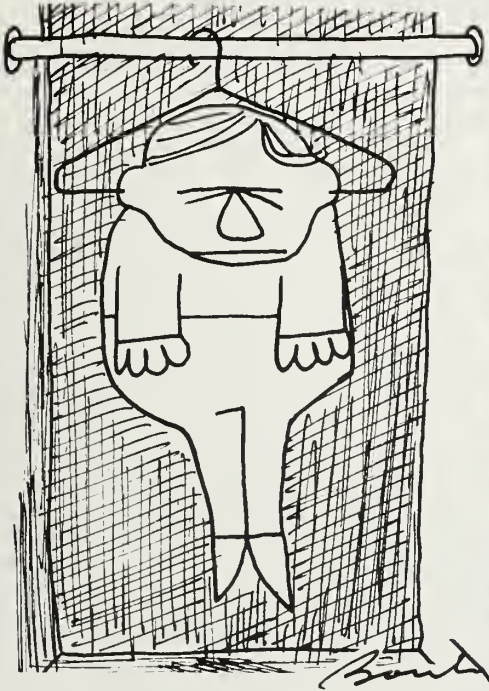


Yahoo Queen

COMMENCEMENT, 1966



HUNG UP



FOR NEW
CLOTHES?
CLIFF ALLENS



GAS LITE



GLASSES?

- DON CALL'S -





"Bob Johnson . . . is there a Robert Johnson . . . Johnson, Robert Johnson, please . . ."

HOUSE MEETING

"Where the hell is everyone . . . yeah, I know . . . but 47 Brothers had exams last week . . . I wish I wasn't President so I could have an exam the day after a house meeting, too . . . Well, we'll continue anyway . . . I don't think three of us is a quorum, though . . ."

The Pledgemaster tells me that Dr. Gage said Pledge O'Toole will be able to see out of his left eye all right, but he may limp . . . good for O'Toole . . .

What? . . . cut him?

Well, two to one . . . somebody go to the infirmary and get his pledge pin back . . .

Here's a report from the rushing committee . . . they said last week's smoker would have been

a disaster without the beer until Dean Barnard brought down the quart of LSD . . . I think we oughta send him a thank you note . . .

Here's a report on the rushees . . . two Negroes, four Jews, eight Catholics, eight Protestants and a Zoroastrian . . . Looks like we rush the Zoroastrian, huh . . .

Here's some other names . . . Rushee Fingle . . . owns a GTO . . . a Maroon Key . . . a 3.0 cume . . . He'll be good for the house, even though he's gay, what do you think? . . .

Rushee Smith . . . plays football, basketball . . . got three scholarships and a 0.1 cume . . . he'll be good for the house too . . .

Here's a note on the pledge trip from the Delta chapter at Columbia . . . they want their housemother back . . .

Yeah . . . I know they're ready to pay the 25 thou . . . but you know . . .

Here's a note from one of the girls' dorms . . . it seems Mary-

ann Fitzpamela didn't return after our party Saturday . . . Yeah, Maryann . . . you know *that* one . . .

Oh, so *that's* where all 47 of them are . . . upstairs, huh . . .

I know it's getting late but turn off the tube . . . they played the "Star Spangled Banner" an hour ago . . .

Here's a couple of other things . . . That was a hell of a thing to do to the cook . . . he tries . . . but he might have a wife and family . . .

Oh, and Brother Quirt wants his bed back . . . Brother Shlock wants somebody to put his TV back together after he pulls it out of the john . . . and Brother Darf wants the one-way mirror taken out of his wall . . . Says the peep-hole was bad enough.

Finally, they want you to give back Metawampe . . . Hey, look . . . I'm the President . . . If you got any problems, bring them to me . . . my door is always open . . .

And you know why it's always open, too!"

Dear Lucky,

I sure envy you out there in Viet Nam defending our country etc., nothing much new has been happening around here.

I went to see your wife last night and read a lot of your letters. They're a little mushy, but I don't blame you; Faith is a swell girl. Wonderful figure, loads of personality; and the guys still whistle at her when she walks down the street.

Your brother-in-law, Smedly, dropped in too. He was wearing that new brown suit you bought just before you left. Faith gave it to him because she thought it would be out of style before you got back. Several other guys dropped in and we killed two cases of beer. We all wanted to chip in, but Faith wouldn't let us. She said you always send ten or twenty dollars for her to spend as she pleases. She also gave me those two nifty ties of yours; they are the classiest ones I've ever worn. Faith, being broke most of the time, was offered twenty-five dollars for your new set of golf clubs. He's going to pick them up tomorrow.

Well, Faith was really the life of the party last night. Since she bought that new Micro Ray Range, she's having a lot of parties. I thought she'd be a little shaken up after the car accident last week in your new Chevy, but you would never know that she had been in a head-on collision, and smashed the car to bits. Too bad Faith forgot to pay the insurance, but the funny thing is, she's not the least bit worried. The other driver is still in the hospital and threatening to sue. We all admire her courage and nonchalance; she says she can always mortgage the house and pay the bills. It's a good thing you gave her the power of attorney before you left.

To get back to the party; you should have seen Faith do an imitation of Gypsy Rose Lee. She's really a card; still full of pep. She was still going strong when we said goodnight to her and Bob. I guess you know Bob. He's rooming at the house now; Faith thought the extra money would be a help.

I guess Faith must have forgotten to pay the gas bill. I went into the kitchen for a beer the other night and ran into Bob and her making sandwiches. They didn't hear me coming. Bob said not to worry about it. She said something about being ten days late. Guess they were talking about the gas bill. You don't have to worry though, Bob works for the gas company.

Nothing new with me. It's getting late so I better stop. I can see across the lawn to your house. Faith and Bob are putting their nightcap glasses in the dishwasher. He's wearing that smoking jacket you always liked so much. Well chum, sure wish I could be over there with you; too bad about that section 8 for sadism.

As ever,

Krank

FIRST ANNUAL

LOSERS OF THE YEAR



CASSIUS CLAY'S SEX
LIFE



GPO
JACKETS

THE SALES
TAX

PETER
VOLPE



GARY
BOMBARDIER



QTV

CIGARETTE
CAUTION
NOTICES

BATMAN



WHY

VIRGINITY

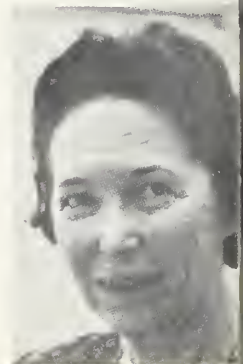


SGT.
SCHULTZ



THERMO-KING
CORPORATION

DEAN
CURTIS



University Reform

YOUR
II-S

Hubert



MODELS AND LIONS

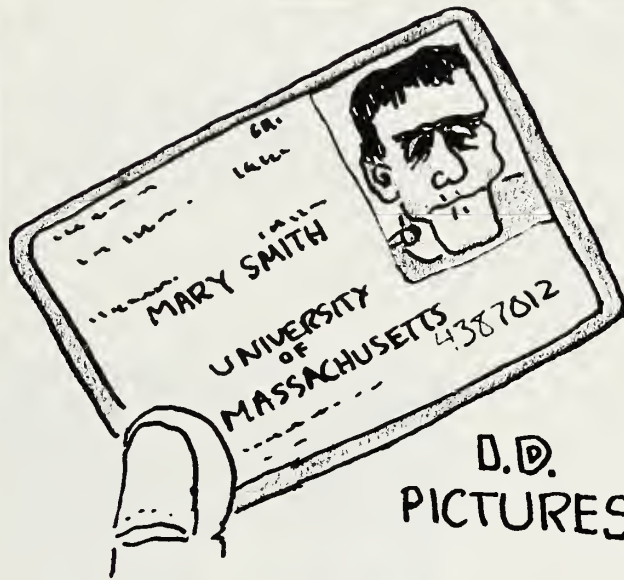


THE FOUR
SEASONS PACKAGE
STORE



SEATBELTS

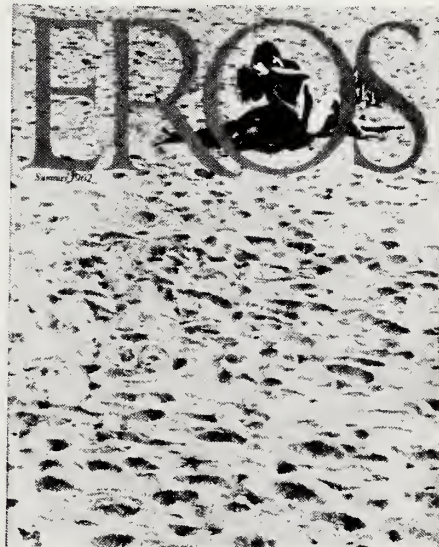
WINTER CARNI



D.D.
PICTURES



FROGS



THUNDERBALL

WMUA

RALPH GINZBURG

Chief
Blasco

18



THE
COYOTE



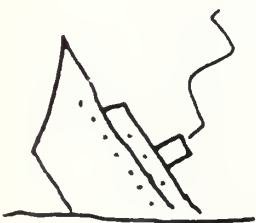
THE COUNTY CIRCLE
DORMS

CURFEWS



HAIR

SUKARNO
—
RHODESIA
—
NKĀRUMAH



Greek oil
Tankers



pacifists

LYNDON'S
PRESS
COVERAGE

COACH OF THE '41
DOLF SHAYS

A PEEK AT

PIΓ



At a recent meeting with the Greek president and vice-presidents in the office of Dean Spoot-proof, dean of students, the Greeks once again confirmed the long-established fact that the houses has no visible hard stuff and would have none for at least a month.

The President of Pi Iota Gamma fraternity, Moose Morgan, rose to the defense of all the Greeks with a display of heroism that would squelch even the most vicious of truths. Following is the text between the Dean and Moose at the informal meeting designed to get at the real heart of the issue.

DEAN: Have you ever been present at PIG fraternity when anything but ginger ale and sprite was served, Mr. Morgan?
MOOSE: Never, thir. Never, never. We is a good house and follow the rules.

DEAN: How do you explain the fact that several young men were located downtown last week quite intoxicated? They claimed they had obtained it from your fraternity.

MOOSE: We deny the whole thing. If they did say that it was to pin the wrap on someone else. We is a good house and everything is below board.

DEAN: Do you and your brothers know the rule on university drinking?

MOOSE: Yeth, thir. (At this point Moose and his brothers, even the pledges, repeated the little known rule in chorus. Un-

fortunately the whole effect was lost when Moose accidentally fell flat on his Greek face. He explained to the dean he had had too much sprite with his supper.)

DEAN: Now, to get up to the matters at hand. As a President of a fraternity, could you tell me how the pledges in PIG are trained in adhering to this policy?

MOOSE: As head of my house, I make positive sure that every pledge has memorized the entire University catalogue before initiation, especially the part about drinking. After that we show colored slides of the bad effects of drinking upon balance and the liver. It usually has 13% effect on the pledges. Then we have a registered doctor from the infirmary come in and talk on the use of liquor as a crutch. Since no brother wants to be weak, he is greatly influenced by this talk. If all this fails and the pledges insist on drinking, I personally throw them out of the house along with their wejuns and CPO's in full view of the North Pleasant Street traffic. Their embarrassment is punishment.

DEAN: Thank you, Mr. Morgan, for that enlightening account. I see you have endeavored with the worst of them to follow the university policy. Are you aware of the need to destroy all semblance of "bar structures" before the 15th?

MOOSE: Yeth, thir! If I find

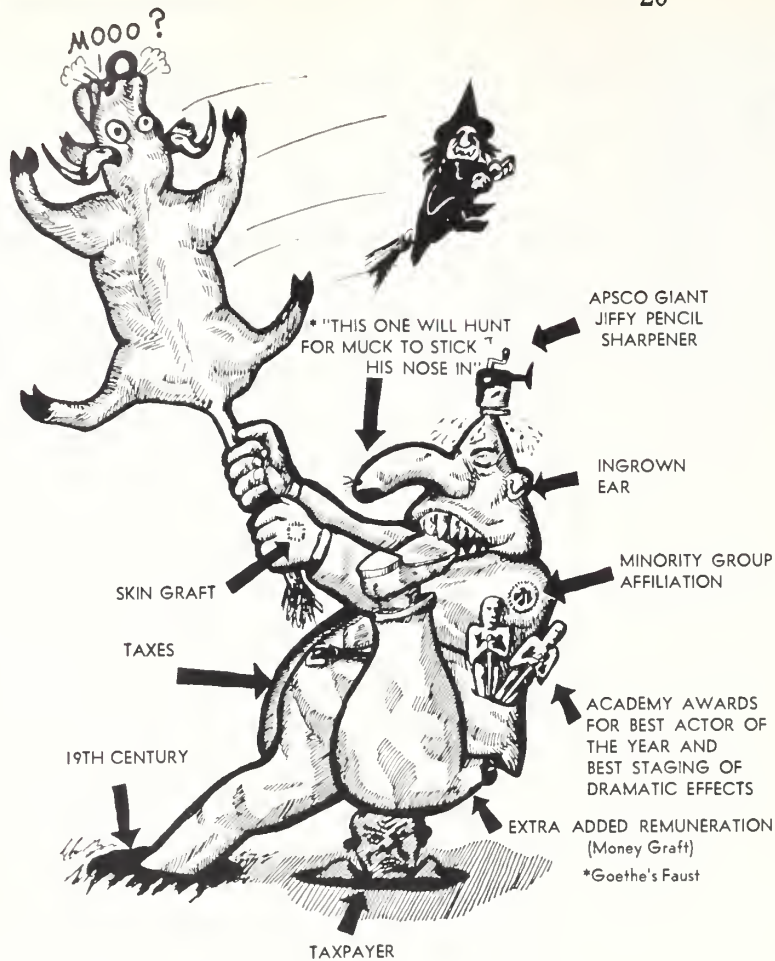
one before the 15th, I will personally shirk the responsibility of blowing it up, all within university policy, of course. I don't want no trouble with the university. I wanna finish my education. (Moose failed to mention at this point what education and what his major was.)

DEAN: Now finally, Mr. Morgan, I want to make sure you realize that this office plans to close all the fraternities including PIG for not more than 13 years if the university rules are not complied with. Are you aware of this new ruling handed up from South College?

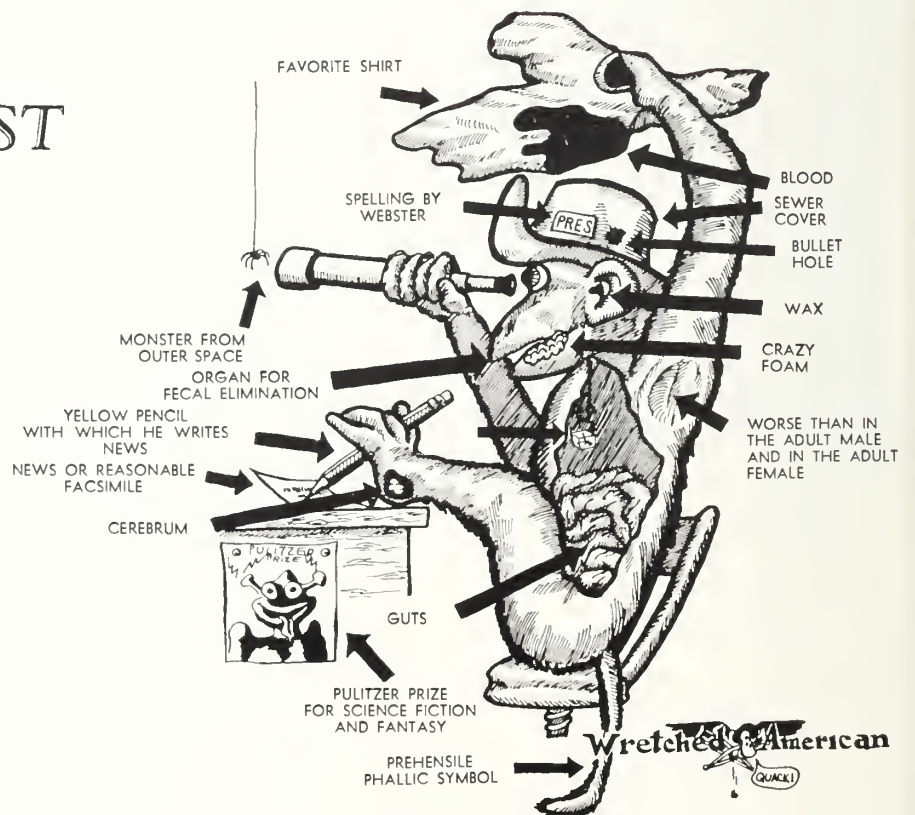
MOOSE: Yeth, thir. I heard about it. You can be sure that PIG will do everything in its power (which is considerable) to uphold the high ideals and actions of both PIG and the university. PIG is proud of its brothers and pledges. We is a good house and plan to stay one despite the good influence of the rest of the campus. I speak for all the Greeks when I say we is all following the rules on drinking and plan to keep on following them even though some people believe the opposite, (In one last display of inspiring heroism, Moose leaped to the top of the dean's desk with a great deal of difficulty and proclaimed with a tear in his bloodshot eye) — PIG is honest and the best example of what the Greeks have become in compliance with university policy.

—PAMELA METAXAS

THE PUBLIC SERVANT



THE JOURNALIST



"A FREE PRESS AND A FREE SOCIETY RISE AND FALL TOGETHER." — JOSEPH PULITZER

"BUT WITHOUT SENSATIONALISM, THE PROFESSIONAL PRESS WOULD SUFFER A FAST ECONOMIC DEATH..." — THE WRETCHED AMERICAN

A is foe Administrator
and it's like selling our soul
We've got to thank them for
being good guys on the whole

B is for Beacon Hill
the capital down town
that Golden Dome is
that color brown

C is for Cops
so big and so large
and arresting the yahoo
on a morals charge

D is for dirt
we print it here
while taking our pot
and drinking our beer

E is for Education
but not at UMass
we haven't any money so
we can't go to class

F is for finagling
and you can be sure
you'll find it in Boston
in the legislature

G is for Gosh-all-golly
and Gee Whiz and other
words you'll find
plenty of in
the mag
in the future

H is for
Aw, do we have to say
A certain legislator
from the State of the Bay

I is for India
where the editors are
'cuz they received tickets
to go very far

J is for jokes
political we've selected
the trouble is that
they get elected

K is for Kangaroo
a type of court
kind the Record American
is bound to support

L is for Loud
a kind of a noise.
Should have been over architects
instead of college boys

M is for Med School
which we'll never see
until about the year
nineteen eighty three

N is for News
and we're getting the hint
that Unlike New York Times it's
"All the news that fits in print"

O is for "Oh!"
which politicians will say
when in November they're
out of office to stay

P is for Pot
something the Yahoo
editors take when
they turn out all
that nastiness and
trash and lewd
and tasteless ...

Q is for queer
the political situation
is it just bad in Mass.
or all o'er the nation

R is for Record American
our favorite page
because it works so well
in our bird cage

S is for sensationalism
and all of those capers
to hell (oops) with the truth
it doesn't sell papers

T is for taxes which
we all pay
to the wonderful state
Massachusetts Bay

U is for University
where we go to learn
until the budget was slashed
now we do a slow burn

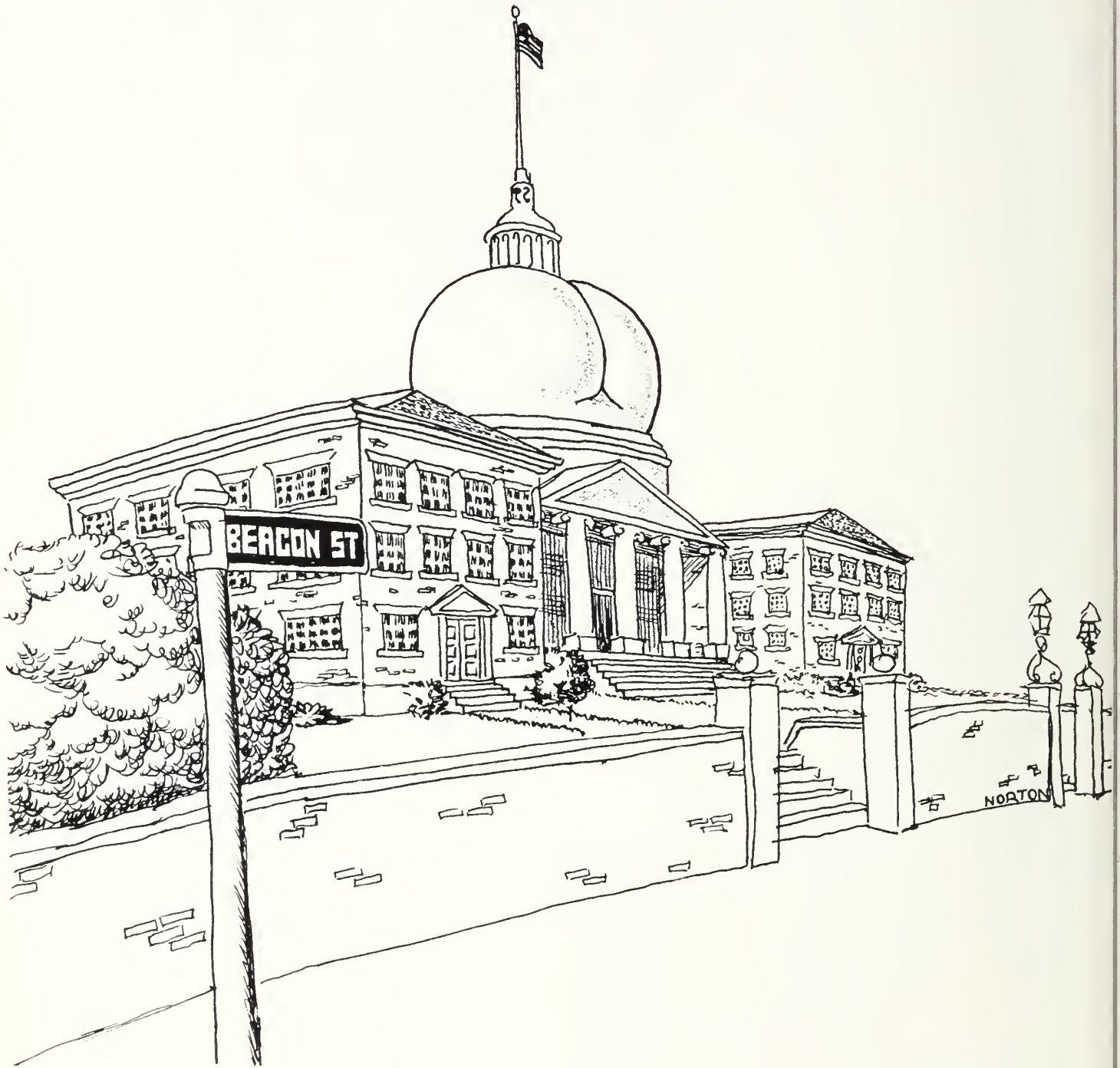
V

W is for waste
it abounds in this state
too bad that taxpayers
aren't very irate

X is for X-ray
what should really be done
to find out what goes on
in dear old Boston


Y is for Yahoo ...
... heh, heh, heh ...

Z is for Zoo
a type of a circus
There appear people that
really can irk us





SELECTIVE SERVICE COLLEGE QUALIFICATION TEST

1. If Tom had seven balls and he gave five to Mary, how many balls does Tom have?
 1. two
 2. four
 3. not much
 4. don't know
2. If Bill bought a book for a dollar, how much graft would the state make from the sales tax?
 1. 5 cents
 2. 10 cents
 3. 15 cents
 4. the state doesn't make graft
3.  The object on the left is:
 1. a brick wall
 2. poorly drawn
 3. the state of Ohio
 4. nice
4. A gynecologist is:
 1. a spreader of old wives tales
 2. happy
 3. rich
 4. a quack
5. Nefarious means:
 1. not much
 2. nefarious
 3. well
 4. the Yahoo
6. Who of the following is a famous criminal?
 1. The Board of Trustees
 2. Emilio Largo
 3. Hedy Lamarr
 4. Paul Rodman
7. Describe General Hershey:
 1. He's a nice guy
 2. I like General Hershey
 3. No flies on General Hershey
 4. the bastard
8. If Dick has three six packs of beer in his fraternity room, how long will it take Dean Barnard to get there from Machmer Hall?
 1. extremely fast
 2. 10 minutes
 3. 15 minutes
 4. depends on what brand the beer is.
9. If Jack and Mary are out in the woods parking, how long will it take Jack?
 1. not long
 2. too long
 3. to do what?
 4. don't know



LOUIS FOODS

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THE

Wretched American



More little old ladies in tennis shoes subscribe to the
Wretched American than any other "fun magazine."



John: What are you doing, crawling around on the kitchen floor?

Jack: Looking for my ring.

John: Where did you lose it?

Jack: In the back yard.

John: Why are you looking for it in here?

Jack: It's raining out and I don't want to get wet!

* * *

An inmate at the insane asylum was being examined for possible release. The first question the examining doctor asked was; "What are you going to do when you leave this institution?"

"I'm gonna get me a slingshot," said the patient, "and I'm gonna come back here and break every goddamned window in the place!"

After six months of treatment, the patient was again brought before the doctor for possible dismissal, and the same

question was put to him.

"Well, I'm going to get a job," the patient replied.

"Fine," said the doctor. "Then what?"

"I'm going to rent an apartment."

"Very good."

"Then I'm going to meet a beautiful girl."

"Excellent."

"I'm going to take the beautiful girl up to my apartment and I'm going to pull up her skirt."

"Normal, perfectly normal."

"Then I'm going to steal her garter, make a slingshot out of it, and come back here and break every goddamned window in the place!"

* * *

Your grandfather's a little deaf, isn't he?

Yes, last night he led the evening prayer kneeling on the cat.

* * *

A young man went to a dance and met the most beautiful girl. He asked her to dance and she danced like a dream. Between dances, he found that she could converse intelligently on any subject. She was particularly interested in his favorite sports and hobbies. At the end of the dance, he asked if he might see her home, and she said that her car was parked right around the corner. At her apartment, she asked him in for eggs, bacon, and coffee because she just loved to cook.

She put the key in the lock, and he, already figuring on the cost of marriage, pushed open the door. There, in the middle of the floor, was a dead horse. He stopped aghast.

Well, all right," she said, "so I'm not so neat!"

* * *

An angry housewife caused 2 telephone linemen to be arrested and brought before an Amherst judge to answer a charge of public profanity. One of them explained:

"It was this way, judge," he said. "Red here was working above me on a pole, and I said, 'See here Red, that hot lead doesn't feel good dropping down my back. Please don't drop any more.'"

* * *

"Waiter, I ordered chicken pot pie, but there isn't a piece of chicken in it!"

"That's no surprise," the waiter answered, "don't expect much in our cottage cheese, either."

* * *

Yushnik was once engaged to a contortionist until she broke it off.

* * *

Anyone can play bridge, but it takes a cannibal to throw up a really good hand.

* * *

STILL AS OF YETMORE



RECORD DEDICATIONS

DR. JANOWITZ	19th NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
ROTC	THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKING
EISENHOWER	NOWHERE MAN
FRATERNITIES	WATER
FINESSE ON A DATE	PLEASE, PLEASE
RICHARD BURTON	PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW BAG
WALTER JENKINS	LOVE IS STRANGE
FINALS	CRYIN' TIME
THE ORCHARD	GET A JOB
SEXUS	BOOK OF LOVE
NO. PLEASANT STREET	THUNDER ROAD
HO CHI MINH	REBEL ROUSER
LETTERS FROM HOME	MONEY
SPANISH FLY	LOVE POTION #9
DATE	YOU CAN MAKE IT IF YOU TRY
CHRISTINE JORGENSEN	I'M A MAN
LSA	DAYDREAMS
COUNSELORS	SECRET AGENT MAN
SENIORS	HELP!
THAT LAST ESSAY QUESTION	TIME WON'T LET ME
WMUA	SOUNDS OF SILENCE
JUNE FOURTH	HOMeward BOUND
"WHEN WAS IT DUE?"	YESTERDAY
SOLD MEAL TICKET	I AIN'T GONNA EAT
	MY HEART OUT ANYMORE
SELMA, ALABAMA	PAINT IT BLACK

also
DIPLOMAT
OF THE YEAR
ROBERT McNAMARA



THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE

GOES TO SARGEANT
BARRY SADDLER
For His Contribution
To American Culture
"Ballad of the Green Sickies"



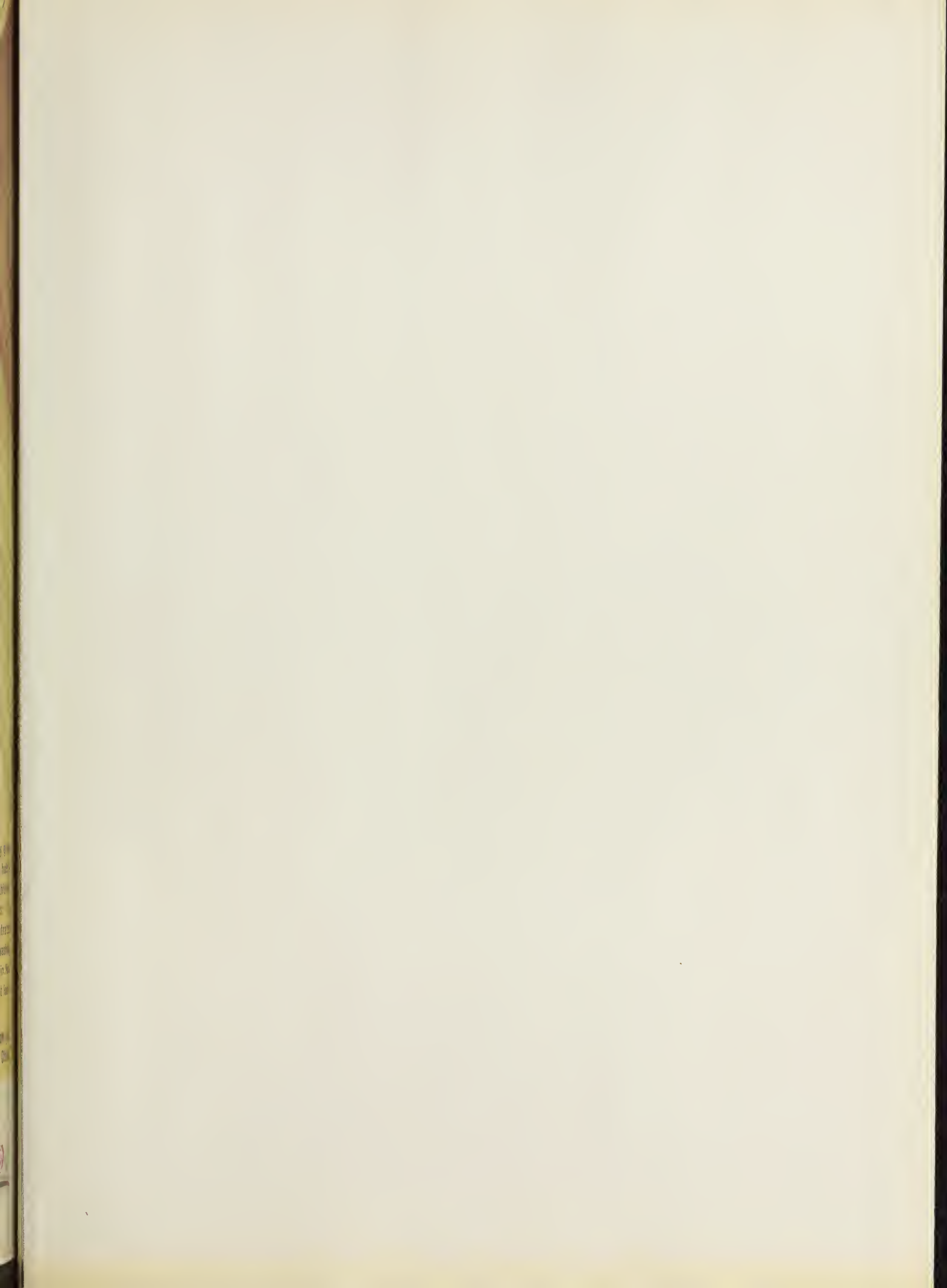
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And a little Kindness from Clairol.

Now, 60 second conditioning.





11

